<Rook>

“Here ya go.”

<Blackiris>

“Oh, sorry about that.”

<Blackiris>

“Oh, sorry about that.”

<Gil>

“Wow. Scary. Couldn't breathe. Glad that's over.”

<Blackiris>

“That's understandable.”

<Blackiris>

“Sure I do. There's not much I'm not scared of ...”

<Analye>

“She's started talking. A lot. Hasn't she.”

<Analye>

“She's never uttered a word. Not in all the time I've known her.  
  
she wants to talk. To you. That's why.”

<Analye>

“She's never uttered a word. Not in all the time I've known her.  
  
she wants to talk. To you. That's why.”

<Analye>

“I wonder. If you like her. You can keep her. Ifyou promise. To  
treat her well.”

<Blackiris>

“... are you serious?”

<Blackiris>

“Unlike you, I don't keep people as pets. If you really want to treat her  
well...”

<Analye>

“[ don't. I don't love her...”

<la>

“... coffee?”

<Rook>

<Blackiris>

“Pretty much. Iwas wondering what had happened to you, as I haven't  
seen you around fora while ...”

<Gil>

“Gota little busy. Couldn't leave this place.”

<la>

“Ts that different from coffee?”

<Blackiris>

“Oh, thank goodness, Iwas worried — thought something might have  
happened. Anyway, I'll Jeave you be.”

<Blackiris>

“Yeah, I've gota bunch of things to do today, so ...”

<Girl>

“May I? Come with?”

<Gil>

“Yeah ...”

<Blackiris>

“But you can't go out, canyou? You don't have a Mnemonicide  
Protocol permit, so they wouldn't let you back in ...”

<Gil>

“There's a tunnel. Underground. Pops used it. When he used to slip  
out of town. Used the same route. To come see me. No problem if  
we take that.”

<Gil>

“Please ... [really don't want to be here. Nothing but bad memories.”

<Blackiris>

“Okay — then you go ahead and use the tunel. Wait for me on the  
other end, I'll meet yon there.”

<Girl>

“Okay ... sorry about this.”

<Blackiris>

“Don't worry aboutit. Besides, I'd feel better if you came with me  
anyhow.”

<Rook>

<Blackiris>

“We're going to be walking to the closest town from here — will you  
  
be okay?”

<Driver>

“Oh, yes, that'sa lovely part of town, isn't it?”

“She never stopped crying, ever since the day you left. You had to be  
removed from her memory — otherwise she herself would have died.”

<la>

“None. Don't care for some things.”

<Gil>

“... don't mind me. I'll be fine. It's not me. See.  
  
over this.”

<Gil>

“You're the one who's really hurting ... so its unfair. That I'm the one  
  
who's crying, Right?”

<a>

“Smells good.”

<Blackiris>

“Maybe ... see, it's true: it hurts when you break up, or you're blamed,  
or you're hated.”

<Blackiris>

“But ... none of that hurts as much ... as being forgotten.”

<a>

“Smells good.”

<Blackiris>

“Hmm?”

<Blackiris>

“... I don't know either.”

<Gil>

“I want to sing it too. But I've forgotten the words.”

<Blackiris>

<Blackiris>

“Huh? Well, see ... it's pretty, clean, and — it works well with singing.”

<Rook>

“Oh, right. Blackiris. Got an assignment, and not from Dexter.  
Consultation requisition for a high-level Mnemonicide. Lucky you —  
  
you've been tapped.”

<Rook>

“Oh, right. Blackiris. Got an assignment, and not from Dexter.  
Consultation requisition for a high-level Mnemonicide. Lucky you —  
  
you've been tapped.”

<Blackiris>

“I'm going out, I'll be right back.”

<Blackiris>

“Tapped ...? Wait. I'm currently with Guest. It's not safe or legal to  
  
double up like that.”

<Blackiris>

“Just what is she? Answer me!”

<Blackiris>

“Just what is she? Answer me!”

<Blackiris>

“She tried to erase my memory, just now. I don't think it was  
intentional. At least not on her part. So, tell me — just what are you  
scheming?”

<Analye>

“... oho. Pray tell. What did she do?”

<Blackiris>

“She sanga song, that's what.”

<Blackiris>

“Probably justa communications breakdown. Anyway, relay my  
  
regrets for me, will you?”

<Blackiris>

“She sanga song, that's what.”

<Analye>

“Correct. That's why. I'm raising her.”

<Blackiris>

“To what end...?! What the hell isan Omega, anyway?!”

<Blackiris>

“To what end...?! What the hell isan Omega, anyway?!”

<Analye>

“Impressive. Most impressive. It only took you, what, three years.  
  
ask that question. I've been waiting.”

<Blackiris>

<Analye>

“You've seen it with your own eyes. Haven't you. You've been past the  
Gate. I know you have.”

<Blackiris>

“... um, so in other words, there are some things you don't like to eat?”

<Blackiris>

“all those children. They're all Omegas, aren't they.”

<Analye>

“Correct. Iwas one of their number. Long ago.”

<Analye>

“They were all crying. Weren't they. But it wasn't because they were  
sad, themselves. It was because you were there with them.”

<Blackiris>

“... [have no idea what you're talking about.”

<Analye>

“Those children have no selves. They are empty — echoes. They take  
on the emotions of people near them. Whether they want to or not.”

<Rook>

“Ahaha, no choice, man. I, uh, had to agree. Let's just say ... this new  
client is well-connected.”

<Analye>

“Because they each have a hole. A hole as big as their souls. And it  
needs filling.”

<Analye>

“Because they each have a hole. A hole as bigas their souls. And it  
needs filling.”

<Analye>

“Don't feel sorry for them. They don't feel thing. No pain. No  
  
sorrow.”

<Analye>

“The worst thing? When you realize: you are you. I came to that  
realization one day. I wondered what I was doing here.”

<Analye>

“The worst thing? When you realize: you are you. I came to that  
realization one day. I wondered what I was doing here.”

<Analye>

“... you saw. All children. No one else. Because none of them grow  
up. They all vanish. Overwhelmed by the Psyche Corrosion. Of  
others.”

<Analye>

<Analye>

“But they didn't make me go back. They had no idea what to do.  
With an Omega who had volition. I was the first. Thus, my nickname.”

<Analye>

“So they Jetme out. Made me a researcher and professor. Of  
Mnemonicidology.”

<Analye>

“But the Psyche Corrosion inside me never vanished. Not even  
afterwards.”

<Analye>

“I'd have been fine. If they were really mine. But these were all  
someone else's. People I'd never seen before. What was I supposed to  
do with that?”

<Analye>

“That's why I started looking ... fora pure Omega that nobody had  
found yet.”

<Analye>

“That's why I started looking ... fora pure Omega that nobody had  
found yet.”

<Analye>

“She's young. Too young. Can't take my Psyche Corrosion. Yet. But  
that's fine.”

<Blackiris>

“So. You plan to foist your freaking Psyche Corrosion onto her  
shoulders.”

<Blackiris>

“So. You plan to foist your freaking Psyche Corrosion onto her  
shoulders.”

<Analye>

“[told you. Didn'tI. That I hada use for her.”

<Analye>

“[told you. Didn'tI. That I hada use for her.”

<Analye>

“AsI said. That's fine. She'll cry. And ay. And know no end of tears.  
IfI give my memories to her.”

<Blackiris>

“T won't let you.”

<Analye>

“I have no intention of stopping. You know.”

<Blackiris>

“.. then why did you give me this gun?”

<Analye>

“Blackiris. You fool. I made a little wager. Would you take away my  
pain first? Or would she?”

<Analye>

“Don't you see. I don't care which one itis. All the same to me. And  
equally painful for you.”

<Rook>

<Analye>

“You're the first. The first person I ever asked anything of ... no.  
There is another. But he didn't think like me. Too bad.”

<Analye>

“He told me that he had a philosophical objection. To a healthy  
person just lying down and dying. He hated The Dolor. Heart and  
soul. And so. He could never kill me.”

<Analye>

“Butyou? You know how to handle that. I hope.”

<Analye>

“So. Blackiris?”

<Blackiris>

“tell her ... just once ... that you love her.”

<Analye>

“You can do that. You should do that.”

<Blackiris>

“T will not kill you!”

<la>

<a>

“Don't mind. Your call.”

<Girl>

“... Pops. He was always sick. He refused hospitalization. Because he  
knew. He couldn't see me. He hid it. I found him. Collapsed here.”

<Girl>

“Pops ... Pops...”

<Gil>

“Get away from me!”

<Gil>

“Let me go! Popsasked me. To stop. He wanted me to just stay with  
him. Just hold his hand. Until the end.”

<Gil>

“But I didn't want him to leave me. Not with all that pain. Not with all  
those memories. Sol...”

<Gil>

“These aré my memories.”

<Blackiris>

“.. No. No they're not.”

<Gil>

“But! These are all I have left! Of him! Don'tyou dare!”

<Gil>

“Don't you dare take him away from me!”

<Blackiris>

<la>

“Don't push yourself... please ... I beg you ...”

<Blackiris>

“I guess. You're right ... this isa little much ...”

<la>

“You're resisting. No wonder it hurts. So please. Sleep ...”

<Blackiris>

“... okay. Close your eyes; then I'll do as you say.”

<Blackiris>

“All right, fine. But you owe me one. Oh, don't bother calling me at  
my apartment — I'm not there. I'm amrently at the house on top of  
the hill at Eighth Street, so send your client there.”

<Blackiris>

<Blackiris>

“love you.”

<la>

<la>

“Blackiris, you're ...!”

<Blackiris>

“Hmm?”

<la>

“... so cruel.”

<Blackiris>

“La. Why did you try to erase my memory?”

<Blackiris>

“Nice and peaceful, actually. So much so that I've half'a mind to move  
there permanently.”

<la>

“Because. You were in such pain. I thought. Because of me. Because  
of Pops. Because ...”

<Blackiris>

“... because Dexter told you so?”

<la>

“He said that. But no. You're wrong. I chose to do it. Myself.”

<Blackiris>

“... and why would you do that? So, you thought so little of me that  
you didn't care that I'd forget you?”

<la>

<la>

“But what I said to you. It was horrible. You've been so hurt. You've  
been through so much. But I hurt you more ...”

<la>

“So I thought. You'd be happy to forget me. I thought. It's my duty to  
cure you.”

<Blackiris>

“Nice and peaceful, actually. So much so that I've half'a mind to move  
there permanently.”

<Blackiris>

“Horrible? You said something horrible? Wait, what was that ...?”

<la>

“I told you to get away from me...”

<Blackiris>

“Oh, La, you're wrong. I was hurt by the choice you made then. But  
that's something I could easily recover from ...”

<Blackiris>

“... because to be honest, it made me happy. I'd never met anyone  
who'd decided to do it the hard way ...”

<Blackiris>

“And besides — I'd never agree to have my memory erased.”

<Blackiris>

“I don't know what happened between the two of you, but I never  
asked Dexter for this.”

<Rook>

“... oh, get off it, man. You're not old enough to retire yet. Anyway,  
  
thanks a bunch for this. I'll have the client at your location by the day  
  
after tomorrow.”

<Blackiris>

“I never asked to forget you. I never want to forget you. That's the  
honest-to-goodness truth.”

<Blackiris>

“...and I'd really appreciate it if you stopped trying to erase my  
memory now, thank you.”

<la>

“Tl stop ...!”

<la>

“Tl stop ...!”

<Rook>

“... oh, get off it, man. You're not old enough to retire yet. Anyway,  
  
thanks a bunch for this. I'll have the client at your location by the day  
  
after tomorrow.”

<Blackiris>

“Roger that.”

<Blackiris>

“Sorry, did I wake you up?”

<la>

“.. yeah. Butstill. It's embarrassing.”

<Blackiris>

“And what are they about?”

<la>

“Experimental notes. The erasure of a Mnemonicide's memory.”

<la>

“Experimental notes. The erasure of a Mnemonicide's memory.”

<la>

“Dexter wouldn't allow me. To erase your memory. But he did let me  
stay with you. Fora month. For this.”

<la>

“Um. Uh. Good morning...”

<la>

“Um. Uh. Good morning...”

<Blackiris>

“Well, let's have some breakfast, and leave this place. Wouldn't want  
Dexter's goons to find us here.”

<Blackiris>

“We're leaving this town, La.”

<Rook>

“Luggage? Dude, ya planning on goin’ somewhere?”

<Lips>

“With La?”

<Blackiris>

“That's right.”

<Blackiris>

“That's right.”

<Rook>

“Reeeeeally? So, ya finally made yer move, didja, your big playboy you!  
I'm proud’ve ya, man!”

<Rook>

“Feh, I never thought you'd beat me to the punch.”

<Lips>

“Please drop by, okay?”

<la>

“Oh, of course ... thank you, Lips. And you, Jackal.”

<la>

“Oh, of course ... thank you, Lips. And you, Jackal.”

<Blackiris>

“Very carefully.”

<Rook>

“And Dexter?”

<Blackiris>

“Don't tell him anything, will you?”

<Blackiris>

“Don't tell him anything, will you?”

<Rook>

“See you around, man.”

<Blackiris>

“We'll meet again. I know it.”

<la>

“This way.”

<Dexter>

“Just as I expected. You know, you guys and Professor Analye —  
you're all too easy to figure out. Boring, really.”

<Blackiris>

<Dexter>

“I'd like you to hand over that little lady there, please.”

<Blackiris>

“That's nota command I can obey. Sorry.”

<Blackiris>

“La, nota word. I'll get mad if you say anything weird now, okay?”

<Dexter>

“Whata shame. I'd hoped I wouldn't have to kill you.”

<Dexter>

“That was for your sake, my good man. Come — are you that dense?  
The world is full of sad things. You can't possibly take them all in and  
expect to survive.”

<Blackiris>

“But you know — there are some things that you're better off  
remembering.”

<Dexter>

<Dexter>

“... so. Aren't you going to shoot? You could probably kill me in an  
instant, you know.”

<Blackiris>

“Perhaps. But if I did that, the person you gave the music box to would  
ay, wouldn't she now?”

<Dexter>

“Yes. She would.”

<Blackiris>

“Thank you for everything.”

<la>

“I want to see! The mountains and the ocean!”

<la>

“I want to see! The mountains and the ocean!”

<Blackiris>

<la>

“It's because I'm happy, Blackiris.”

<la>

“It's because I'm happy, Blackiris.”

<la>

“You're not very nice.”

<Blackiris>

“I get thata lot. So, what don't you eat?”

<Boy>

“Uh, um ... I, uh, was referred.  
Blackiris, the Mnemonicide ..  
  
I have an appointment with Dr.  
  
is he here?”

<Blackiris>

“He happens to be me.”

<Boy>

“Wha-? Oh, I'm sorry, sir. It's just that you're a lot younger than 1  
thought you'd be.”

<Boy>

“Um, my name is Marcello. Nice to meet you, sir.”

<la>

“\_.. carrots.”

<Blackiris>

“The pleasure is mine. Please come on in, then, Marcello.”

<Marcello>

“Um, you may call me Mar, if you please.”

“Ifyou please”

<la>

“... carrots.”

<Mar>

“Uh, oh, I, uh, I'm so sorry! I had no idea your, uh, lady friend was  
  
here! Uh, uh, give me a moment, I'll leave right away!”

<Blackiris>

“La happens to be my Guest. Just like you.”

<Blackiris>

“La happens to be my Guest. Just like you.”

<Blackiris>

“Well, hopefully you have one now.”

<Blackiris>

“Oh, La, be careful not to get cut, there. Want some help?”

<la>

“N-no. Thanks. I'll be fine.”

<Blackiris>

“Asyou already know, I am Blackiris, a Mnemonicide. I will be your  
  
Guide fora short time. Should you wish to call me by any other name,  
  
go ahead and do so; I won't mind.”

<Mar>

“Thank you, sir. Glad to be in capable hands.”

<Blackiris>

“We'll see about that. Now, won'tyou tell me a little about your  
Psyche Corrosion? How did it start, do you remember?”

<Blackiris>

“We'll see about that. Now, won'tyou tell me a little about your  
Psyche Corrosion? How did it start, do you remember?”

<Mar>

“Psyche Corrosion? No, um ... actually, uh, I just want you to erase  
every last memory I have.”

<Blackiris>

<Mar>

“Fifteen, if you please.”

<Mar>

“Fifteen, if you please.”

<Bladdnis>

“My apologies, then. I'm afraid that's...”

<Blackiris>

“so you can do it”

<la>

“No. Need anything?”

<Blackinis>

“Yes, I can. But some preparations are necessary. I think I'll be ready  
by nightfall. Can you wait that long?”

<Mar>

“Uh... oh, of course. I will wait...”

<Blacdinis>

“All right. Then feel free to do whatever you like until then.  
anything you need, just holler —I will be around.”

<Mar>

<Blackiris>

“Thank you, but I've got things under control. Just have a seat, relax.  
T'll have dinner ready soon.”

<la>

“Total erasure? Impossible. Right?”

<la>

“Total erasure? Impossible. Right?”

<Blackiris>

“Who knows? I've never tried it before, but I think it can be done.  
Probably.”

<Blackiris>

“We Mnemonicides do have some  
What, are you afraid?”

<la>

“No way!”

<la>

“.... Psyche's Gatekeeper. By Analye.”

<Mar>

“... pardon me?”

<la>

“Psyche's Gatekeeper. A book. Written by Analye.”

<Mar>

<Mar>

“O-of course! Please, by all means!”

<la>

“A treatise on Mnemonicide: the protocol for the systematic erasure of  
memories. The writer isa Mnemonicide himself.”

<la>

“A treatise on Mnemonicide: the protocol for the systematic erasure of  
memories. The writer isa Mnemonicide himself.”

<la>

“Really. Dr. Analye, Class Omega Mnemonicide. Or so it seems.”

<Mar>

“C-class Omega? Wait, uh, I thought they were an urban legend, a  
fairy tale, you know, uh....”

<Mar>

“C-class Omega? Wait, uh, I thought they were an urban legend, a  
fairy tale, you know, uh....”

<la>

<la>

“A steadfast warden. Won't let you in. Even if you want to forget.  
Especially if you want to forget. Mnemonicides are thieves. They trick  
Psyche's Gatekeeper. ‘Emulation’. That's what they’ call it”

<la>

“Child Mnemonicides have no power. They grow stronger with age.  
More complex. Stronger gates demand greater power.”

<la>

“Why? Simple. Takes a crazy son ofa gun to Emulate the  
complexities ofa well-fortified gate.”

<la>

“Why? Simple. Takes a crazy son ofa gun to Emulate the  
complexities ofa well-fortified gate.”

<la>

<la>

“Flattering, but no. Had to reread it. A Jot. Still don't get most of it.”

<la>

“... just curious. You don't have to answer this. What do you plan on  
doing after your memories are erased?”

<Mar>

“Well, I, uh...”

<la>

“Want to wipe yourself away? Start clean? Is that it?”

<Mar>

“... that may well be.”

<Mar>

“Iam not strong, nor am I intelligent. I cannot even converse  
smoothly with other people. I am a failure, without any recourse.”

<Mar>

“Even were my mother and father to have any expectations of me, I  
would never ina million years be able to meet them, it would be  
  
better if I were dead. It would be better if I had never been born...”

<la>

“... your parents say that?”

<Mar>

“N-no, notatall! They would never say anything like that! They have  
always said that they love me, just the way Iam. And that makes me  
very happy, but still...”

<Mar>

“N-no, notatall! They would never say anything like that! They have  
always said that they love me, just the way Iam. And that makes me  
very happy, but still...”

<la>

“Enviable ...”

<la>

“.. that you have such loving parents.”

<la>

“.. that you have such loving parents.”

<Mar>

“They truly are ... and I truly appreciate alll they've done for me.”

<la>

<Mar>

<Blackiris>

“It's time, Mar. My preparations are complete. We can begin at your  
convenience.”

<Mar>

“Huh? Oh, of course ...”

<Blackiris>

“Very well. Final confirmation: you want me to erase all fifteen years  
of your past existence.”

<Blackiris>

“Very well. Final confirmation: you want me to erase all fifteen years  
of your past existence.”

<Blackiris>

“T will not, however, tamper with any memories that are necessary for  
your basic function. Like going to the bathroom, eating, things like  
that. I trust you understand why thatis.”

<Blackiris>

“I will not, however, tamper with any memories that are necessary for  
your basic function. Like going to the bathroom, eating, things like  
that. I trust you understand why thatis.”

<Blackiris>

“T've had Guests say that to me before. Usually, it's because they have  
a sorrow so deep that they themselves are numb to the fact.”

<Blackiris>

“Um, La? There's no need to be so tense. Come, loosen up. You're  
one of us now.”

<Blackiris>

“... will die.”

<Blackiris>

“Correct.”

<Blackinis>

“The loving kindness of your parents, too, will die. Along with you.”

<Bladdnis>

“Changed your mind, have you?”

<Mar>

<Blackiris>

“... I'm afraid it's a bit too late for that now.”

<Blackiris>

“Mar. To be honest, I initiated the treatment phase of the  
Mnemonicide Protocol a long time ago, when we first met.”

<Mar>

“What? But... how in the world ...”

<Blackinis>

“Did I not tell you from the very beginning? My name is Blackiris. I  
am aalled that fora reason. All had to do was look you straight in the  
  
eye to begin the process.”

<Mar>

“No way... that means ...”

<Blackiris>

“Yes, thatyou are slowly losing yourself as we speak. Impossible to say  
exactly how long it will take, but rest assured that your memories are  
  
withering away and dying, one by one.”

<la>

“Not tense. It's just...”

<Blackiris>

“Yes, that you are slowly losing yourself as we speak. Impossible to say  
exactly how long it will take, but rest assured that your memories are  
  
withering away and dying, one by one.”

<Blackiris>

“.. so gently, in fact, that you yourself will never notice.”

<Mar>

“Tt can't be ...!”

<Blackiris>

<Mar>

“Please! I'll do anything! Just give them back!  
Give my self back! I don't want to die! I don't want to die!”

<Blackiris>

<Mar>

“LI don't care anymore about the stuff I said before! I have to be  
myself... or else I really would be better off dead!”

<Blackiris>

<Mar>

“... Dr. Blackiris. Thank you for everything.”

<Mar>

“Now that I have had a chance to reflect upon it, I think I could have  
  
grown to like myself. But I was too stupid to see what was right before  
  
my eyes, and now it's all gone.”

<Blackiris>

<Blackiris>

<Mar>

“Absolutely. Therefore, until all my memories are gone, I shall strive  
to get to know myself as well asI can. It's the most fitting kind of  
  
funeral I can think of.”

<Mar>

“Absolutely. Therefore, until all my memories are gone, I shall strive  
to get to know myself as well asI can. It's the most fitting kind of  
  
funeral I can think of.”

<Blackiris>

“Certainly. You know, though, your new self will probably be much  
the same. He'll probably worry about the same things, and he'll  
probably be loved the same way by your parents as you were. Or at  
least, so. I hope.”

<Mar>

“.. that's so very kind of you, Doctor.”

<Mar>

“.. that's so very kind of you, Doctor.”

<Mar>

“T assure you that I am not angry with you at all, sir.”

<Blackiris>

“No, but you will be.”

<Blackiris>

“Um, well, you see, uh...”

<Blackiris>

“Um, well, you see, uh...”

<Mar>

“Pardon me?”

<Bladdinis>

“The truth is, I haven't done a thing to you all day.”

<Bladdinis>

“The truth is, I haven't done a thing to you all day.”

<Blackiris>

“I have not initiated treatment at all. Your memories have nothing to  
fear — they won't disappear from you.”

<Mar>

<Blackiris>

<Blackiris>

“... that's right. I'm sorry.”

<Blackiris>

“... that's right. I'm sorry.”

<Mar>

<Mar>

“Haha, hahahaha, ahahahahahahahaha! Ahahahahahahahahahaha!”

<la>

“Blackiris. Total erasure. Isit really possible?”

<Blackiris>

“Let's see. I'm confident I could cause a serious bout of amnesia for a  
while, but recovery would probably be pretty rapid.”

<la>

“Isee. You're a good man.”

<la>

“I see. You're a good man.”

<Blackiris>

“... uh, La? You're not supposed to say such things so seriously.”

<Blackiris>

“If you're wondering why I did that, it isn't because I'm a good guy, or  
a bad guy. Justa lazy one. I have a hard enough time babysitting one  
kid, see ...”

<la>

“Babysitting?!”

<la>

“Babysitting?!”

<la>

“Mmhmm?”

<Blackiris>

“No, it's nothing.”

“Rule #1. Know that youare you.”

“Have pride. If the going gets tough, then get going. Raga  
a mask. But keep moving forward. Then sadness will have no prite in  
  
your heart. Someday.”

“[love you’ and ”

<Blackiris>

“La, want to go out today?”

<la>

“... stop staring. Hard to eat that way.”

<la>

“Sorry about that. Can't help it sometimes. I'll try harder.”

<la>

“.. and where are you taking me?”

<Blackiris>

“Well, hmm. How about the park, or perhaps the library?”

<la>

“Yay! Let's go!”

<la>

“Am I weird?”

<la>

“Give mea couple minutes. Weather's good. I'll go hang up the  
laundry to air. Be done soon! I swear!”

<la>

“Give mea couple minutes. Weather's good. I'll go hang up the  
laundry to air. Be done soon! I swear!”

<la>

“[ know you better than that. You meanie. I'll be done before you  
change your mind. I promise. So don't leave me; okay?”

<Blackiris>

“.. okay.”

<Blackiris>

<la>

“Um ... are you lost?”

<Girl>

“N-no, I'm not. I, wh...”

<Girl>

“Wait! I'm looking fora Mnemonicide. Ifyou... uh... happen to be  
one...”

<la>

<Blackiris>

“Perhaps. But I agree with you; you'll be fine. Relax, you're my Guest.  
We'll have you better in no time at all, I'm sure.”

<la>

“Am I weird? Why do you keep staring at me?”

<Girl>

“... thank you. Thank you very much.”

<Blackins>

“You take quite a long time for someone who's ina hurry... huh ...?”

<Blackinis>

“... who is this?”

<Blackiris>

“Oh. Uh. No, you're not strange. I just kind of spaced out, that's all.  
Bad habit of mime ... you certainly do eata lot, that's all.”

<la>

“Uh. No idea. Found her in the garden.”

<Blackinis>

<Ginl>

“Memy name is Irina, sir. I've come seeking treatment for The Dolor.”

<Blackiris>

“And? You think that gives you the right to trespass?”

“ate a lot”

<Blackiris>

“Look. When someone climbs over your wall and hides herself in your  
garden, around these parts we aall that ‘breaking and entering’. It'sa  
crime, just so we're on the same page.”

<Blackiris>

“.. wait. I'm not mad at you, La, so chin up, okay? It's just that I  
realize that I was little sloppy there.”

<Blackiris>

“You're absolutely right — it really doesn't look like Irina here was  
planning on doing anything bad. But if she were, then we would have  
  
been in big trouble, see?”

“ate a lot”

<Irina>

<Blackinis>

“What's done is done. Don't worry — let he who is without sin cast the  
first stone, right? That isn't me. I won't report you. What] will do,  
however, is ask you what in the world you're doing here. Fair?”

<Inina>

“., well, sit, see, I'really had to get in touch with a Mnemonicide ...”

<Blackins>

“And why, exactly, is that?”

<Inina>

<Blackins>

“And yet... Iwonder. Do you really suffer from The Dolor?”

<Irina>

<Blackiris>

“Very well, I believe you on that. The certificate's genuine, or such a  
good forgery that I can't tell. But tell me, where is your permit for the  
Mnemonicide Protocol?”

<Blackiris>

“Nothingwrongwiththatatall!  
Infactitmakesmehappytoseeyoueatyourfill!!!”

<Blackiris>

“You don'thave one, do you? You shouldn't even be here. Not fora  
long, long time. If you're found, you're going to be imprisoned here,  
for life, with no chance of parole. I'm sure you're well aware of that,  
right?”

<Blackiris>

<Blackiris>

“Now, now, don't hold back. It's okay to get mad here, really mad.  
After all, now it's getting kind of late to be going anywhere. And this is  
all her fault. You were looking forward to the excursion, weren'tyou?”

<Blackiris>

“Now, now, don't hold back. It's okay to get mad here, really mad.  
After all, now it's getting kind of late to be going anywhere. And this is  
all her fault. You were looking forward to the excursion, weren'tyou?”

<Blackiris>

“.. oh, fine. Man, I guess there's no two ways about it. You're too soft,  
Ia, you're too soft. I swear...”

<Blackiris>

“My namélis Blackiris, and 1am a Mnemonicide. Should you wish to  
call me by any other name, go ahead and do so; won't mind.”

<Irina>

“.., huh? Then you mean...”

<Blackinis>

“Save it. Thank Ia if you must. Oh, and La — satisfied?”

<Blackinis>

“Save it. Thank Ia if you must. Oh, and La — satisfied?”

<Blackins>

“Oh, you did nothing wrong, so there's no need for you to apologize.”

<la>

“Then thank you...”

<la>

“Then thank you...”

<Irina>

<Blackiris>

“Irma. Did you smuggle yourself into town empty-handed?”

<Irina>

“Qh, no sir. I left my luggage in your garden, I'm afraid.”

<Irina>

“Qh, no sir. I left my luggage in your garden, I'm afraid.”

<la>

“Tl go get it.”

<Irina>

<Irima>

“Thank you so much, um ...”

<rina>

“Miss La, then? I fear that if it weren't for you, I would have been  
done for.”

<Irina>

“Miss La, then? I fear that if it weren't for you, I would have been  
done for.”

<la>

“Not atall. Blackiris meant to take you in. From the start.  
He just needed an excuse.”

<la>

“Not atall. Blackiris meant to take you in. From the start.  
He just needed an excuse.”

<Irina>

“Oh, just call me Ilya, please. No need to be so formal, yes?”

<Ilya>

“Oh, wonderful, dear! Now, where were we?”

<Ilya>

“Oh, wonderful, dear! Now, where were we?”

<la>

“Were you hiding in the garden? The entire time? Weren't you cold?”

<Ilya>

“Oh, love, I've been here since dawn. Ahaha, I honestly thought I was  
going to freeze to death. You saved my life in more than one way,  
sweetie.”

<Blackiris>

“Perhaps. But I agree with you; you'll be fine. Relax, you're my Guest.  
We'll have you better in no time at all, I'm sure.”

<Blackiris>

“La, I'll be doing dishes down here, so why don'tyou go ahead and  
take a shower and go to bed? There should be a bathroom at the end  
of the corridor.”

<Rook>

<Rook>

<Rook>

“Nah, just keepin’ the place decent. Welcome ... the hell, man, yet  
another broad? Hey, Li'l La, you gonna stand for this? He's two-timin’  
ya, girl! Now — see here —a real gentleman like me wouldn't do  
  
nothin’ like that.”

<Blackiris>

“This is Irina. I took her in as my Guest today.”

<Blackiris>

“This is Irina. I took her in as my Guest today.”

<Blackiris>

“Tl burn that bridge when I get there. Or something like that. On that  
  
note, I've gota favor to ask of you.”

<Rook>

“Aha, so hell has frozen over. You? Askin’ a favor? Ya gotta be  
  
kiddin’ me ...”

<Blackiris>

“I want you to supply her with a Mnemonicide Protocol permit.”

<Rook>

“...a trespasser? This li'l mam'selle here? Rock. Ya hooked a real  
  
lively one this time around, eh, Blackiris?”

<Rook>

“... a trespasser? This li'l mam'selle here? Rock. Ya hooked a real  
  
lively one this time around, eh, Blackiris?”

<Blackiris>

“And I seem to remember that you owe me.”

<Rook>

“. right. Quid pro quo. This'll even us up, eh?”

<Rook>

“Best that a young lady like you not know, ya get what I'm sayin'?”

<Blackiris>

“La. The decision to take Irina on asa Guest was mine. Mine and  
mine alone. Do you understand? You have nothing to do with this.”

<Blackiris>

<Rook>

“Tl have somethin’ ready by first light tomorrow.”

<Blackiris>

“... so you'll have to stay in town with us until then. Agreed?”

<la>

<Blackiris>

“... so you'll have to stay in town with us until then. Agreed?”

<Blackiris>

“All right, then let's get started. Can you tell me what happened to  
you? What caused your Psyche Corrosion?”

<Blackiris>

“All right, then let's get started. Can you tell me what happened to  
you? What caused your Psyche Corrosion?”

<Rook>

“Aha, that's my cue. Gotta get this done for ya, and you don't need me  
here.”

<Blackiris>

“The room?”

<Ilya>

“I'd like for you to erase my memories of my family, sir.”

<Blackiris>

“Your memories of your family. You say that they're at the root of  
your Psyche Corrosion? Tell me more, if you please.”

<Ilya>

“Yes sir. In my family ...”

<Ilya>

“My mother died when I was very young, so my father raised me for  
most part. We were always destitute, and my father ... well, my father,  
  
he...”

<la>

“There's ... only one bed.”

<Ilya>

“My father left home when I was sixteen. He abandoned me, and  
never looked back. I haven't been in contact with him since.”

<Ilya>

“... oh, heavens, I tried to forget about him. Tried and tried and tried.  
  
But I couldn't! When I close my eyes, I'm right back, chained by a  
voice that keeps telling me that I'll never be free. Of him.”

<Ilya>

“... I'm going to be getting married soon, you see. For the first time in  
my life — ever — I'm going to be happy! I can feel it.”

<Ilya>

“But that's just the problem — what do I do when my father comes to  
  
mind? T can't escape it. I'm so scared, don't you know? It's going to  
happen, sooner or later. And ... I'm sure you understand, that just  
  
syon't do.”

<Ilya>

“So I beg you, kind sir. Please, please, take my memories of my family  
away. Cure me of my Psyche Corrosion, so I can live my life.”

<Blackiris>

“T understand the etiology of your Psyche Corrosion well enough.  
Thank you. Now, your permit will arrive tomorrow morning, so we'll  
wait. Until then, our place is yours.”

<Rook>

“That'sa wrap. There'll be a little somethin’ for your lady Guest by  
  
tomorrow mornin’. Ifya know what] mean.”

<Ilya>

“Um, would you mind horribly if I cooked dinner tonight?”

<Ilya>

“Oh, La, honey. Is there anything that Dr. Blackiris really likes?”

<la>

“Well. He ... doesn't dislike anything. No. Wait. Don't see him eat  
sweets much. But things he likes ... not sure about that.”

<Ilya>

“Ahaha, I guess we're back to square one, then. In that case, La, what  
would you like to eat?”

<Ilya>

“Ahaha, I guess we're back to square one, then. In that case, La, what  
would you like to eat?”